

# POEMS

*JOHN SIBREE M.A.*

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# P O E M S

INCLUDING

*"FANCY," "A RESTING-PLACE,"*

*"TO THE AGE," AND*

*"ELLEN CAREW"*

BY

JOHN SIBREE, M.A. LOND.

TRANSLATOR OF HEGEL'S "PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY" AND WRITER OF ARTICLES  
IN THE "BRITISH QUARTERLY," THE "PROSPECTIVE REVIEW," &C.

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TO  
THE UNKNOWN REVIEWERS  
IN THE 'ACADEMY,' THE 'GRAPHIC,' THE 'SPECTATOR,'  
AND ELSEWHERE,  
WHOSE INDULGENT NOTICES HAVE  
LED HIM TO HOPE  
THAT SOME OF HIS RHYMES MAY DESERVE THAT NAME,  
THEY, WITH A FEW OTHERS,  
Are Inscribed,  
UNDER THE TITLE OF 'POEMS,' BY  
THE WRITER.



## CONTENTS.



	PAGE
FANCY . . . . .	I
TO THE CUCKOO . . . . .	II
TO PHOTOGRAPHY . . . . .	13
TWO VARIATIONS ON A VERY OLD THEME . . . .	15
A RESTING-PLACE . . . . .	19
HOW LORD ARCHIBALD SOUGHT THE GRAIL . . .	23
ONE BANNER ADVANCING . . . . .	30
THE WIND . . . . .	32
NOSCITUR IN ADVERSIS REBUS . . . . .	35
RESTORATIONS . . . . .	36
IN MEMORIAM . . . . .	37
A CANON OF LIFE . . . . .	38
TO SLEEP . . . . .	42
RHYMES OF HOME—PRELUDE . . . . .	44
GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . . .	46
THE MOTHER'S AWAKING . . . . .	50
MILDRED AND THE FAIRIES . . . . .	53

---

	PAGE
THE LAST SLUMBER . . . . .	56
INEXORABLE LOVE . . . . .	59
L'ENVOY . . . . .	60
HE WAS TRANSFIGURED BEFORE THEM . . . . .	61
MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD . . . . .	63
ET RESURREXIT . . . . .	65
LABORARE EST ORARE . . . . .	70
PILGRIM AND SOJOURNER . . . . .	72
TO NATURE . . . . .	75
TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP . . . . .	77
EBRIETAS VICTA . . . . .	79
GREATER WORKS THAN THESE. (John xiv. 12) . . . . .	83
TO THE AGE . . . . .	89
UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST . . . . .	103
TREASURES IN HEAVEN . . . . .	115
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? . . . . .	116
ELLEN CAREW . . . . .	118
CONSTANCE . . . . .	128
VOLAGE . . . . .	130

*FANCY.*

---

FAR up a winding stair,  
Whose steps I never count,  
I have a treasure-house of riches rare,  
To which I sometimes mount.

How high its glories be,  
I only know by this :  
Beneath are clouds, and care, and misery ;  
—Around it all is bliss.

Through dusty paths of life,  
My fate has bid me toil ;  
Or wage a weary and unequal strife  
With Passion's ceaseless coil.

But when my day is done,  
Sometimes, for one brief hour,  
With eager steps, unheeded and alone,  
I enter that sweet bower.

There sits a maiden bright ;  
A faint flush on her cheek,  
Whispering to me a welcome of delight,  
Clearer than words could speak.

Upon a broidery frame  
Her nimble fingers ply ;  
And many a legend fair of ancient fame,  
*My* simple eyes descry.

But ah ! so frail the web !  
So treacherous the woof !  
From Memory's self the glittering fabrics ebb  
Like dream in daylight's proof.

And much I fear that all  
My treasured riches there ;  
My plate, my gems, and many a rhyming scrawl,  
To me alone are fair.

So rich I leave my hold,  
So vainly still I try  
To pass my wit, my jewels, and my gold ;  
No wight will lend or buy.

Then were it better far  
Such useless stores to hide ;  
And watch the setting sun, or evening star,  
By that fair maiden's side.

Her hand in mine to rove  
The future's golden page ;  
See brutish Vice transformed to tenderest Love,  
And Death the Sleep of Age.

For us the waste shall bloom,  
The desert shall rejoice ;  
Celestial Day shall chase all earthly gloom,  
And Peace, with soothing voice,

Harsh Discord lull to rest.  
No terrors shall appal,  
No cares corrode, nor envious thoughts molest ;  
No tear but joy's shall fall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometimes my fair one sings,  
While I enchanted rest ;  
And watch her pearly tips that sweep the strings,  
And gently heaving breast.

One oft-repeated strain  
I have essayed to learn ;  
And feebly tell the fragments that remain,  
To whom it may concern.



“O hapless lady-love !

With luckless rhymster wed ;

Scold not as though his faith would fickle prove,

But list to me instead.

“When you, unwitting pair,

Before the altar knelt ;

An uninvited bridesmaid, entering there,

Backward the service spelt.

“The love he vowed to thee,

Nay, all his silly self,

Had long ago been promised unto me,

With more than half his pelf.

“Then wonder not that I,

In whim or jealous spite,

With elvish trick and wanton gramarye,

Such perjury requite.

“ I don a foolish face  
    (Nay, Lady, do not frown !)  
Of maiden very *very* ‘common-place,’  
    —Round, oval, fair or brown.

“ And in that dull disguise,  
    With many a witching wile,  
So woundy sweet I make the creature’s eyes,  
    He cannot choose but smile.

“ Nor ’scapes the rod, I ween ;  
    But were he of the few,  
—The favourites high of me their lawful queen—  
    More sorely should he rue.

“ For long it were to tell  
    How cruel my disdain,  
When other dames have held usurping sway  
    Where I alone should reign.

“ ’Twas I from Dante snatched  
His Beatrice—a child ;  
Too well I knew their noble natures matched :  
Though, when from heaven she smiled,

“ Safe in that high abode ;  
—Relenting in my wrath,  
I scorched his face in Hell—then showed  
To Paradise the path.

“ Armida’s choicest bowers,  
Should Tasso boldly tread ;  
And, scatheless, gather amaranthine flowers,  
To wreathe a *mortal* head ?

“ On ventures, nothing loth,  
My Red-Cross Knight and I  
Went out ; but first I had his solemn oath  
No Rosalind\* should pry.

\* Spenser’s ‘ flame’ in the “ Shepherd’s Calendar,” his earliest poem.

“ Not Shallow’s solemn ban,  
Nor Stratford’s prosy hearth ;  
’Twas *I* made Jaques a melancholy man,  
And saddened Hamlet’s mirth.

“ Could I for Bard Sublime  
Heaven’s portals backward heave ?  
Show him ‘the flaming bounds of Place and Time,’\*  
Nor envy him his Eve ?

“ Flirtations not a few  
I let Dan Faustus try ;  
But—to my jealous temper ever true—  
Took Margaret to the sky.

“ Not the satiric North,  
Nor desolated home ;  
’Twas I myself that lured Childe Harold forth  
With me the world to roam.

\* Gray.

“ High as the lark can soar  
In ecstasy of song,  
One raptured soul to drink its notes I bore  
Exultingly along :

“ Right on through fields of air,  
To yonder giddy blue—  
Nor spared the whip ;—but in my chariot fair  
Was only room for two.

“ Endymion ! best beloved !  
Not long thy faith I tried ;  
For hadst thou lived, and more unfaithful proved,  
Myself had pined and died.

“ Of household joys bereft,  
And comfortable cheer,  
Alone upon life's Silent Sea I left  
The Ancient Marinère.

“ And many a bard beside  
My vengeful wrath could tell  
In ages past ; yet deem not, gentle bride,  
I love thy spouse so well,

“ That I for him with *thee*  
Will wage such Epic strife ;  
Yet grudge not one poor hour he spends with me,  
Who claim his forfeit *Life*.”

TO THE CUCKOO.

(AFTER THE TEDIOUS WINTER OF 1875-6.)



THOU very Voice of Spring!

Blest halcyon of the land ;

The fiercest storm must furl his dripping wing,

At thine august command.

No monarch on his throne

So absolute as thou ;

Our gloomiest thoughts thy cheering presence own ;

Our lightest fancies bow.

Kings deem a palace great

(Whatever their degree)

That boasts a rood or two of purple state :

A *zone* is decked for thee !

Thy note ere morning dawns  
Breaks on a night of pain,  
With dreams of opening flowers and sunny lawns ;  
The dying live again.

Thy song the captive hears  
Steal through his dungeon door ;  
Nor feels his chain, nor weight of captive years,  
A joyous child once more.

But not my halting verse,  
Nor aught that Bard might sing,  
Thy proud prerogative could all rehearse,  
Thou Royal Bird of Spring !



*TO PHOTOGRAPHY.*

HEAVEN'S own artist ! still revealing  
Some new triumph o'er decay ;  
Beauty's form from beauty stealing,  
Thou canst bid it live for aye.

Thou canst paint the wavelet dancing,  
Or the linnet on the wing ;  
Or the ray one moment glancing,  
Or the aspen's quivering spring.

Not the lightest breath of morning,  
Rising from the misty dell ;  
Not the first faint streak of dawning,  
Can escape thy powerful spell.

Wider yet thy domination ;  
Greater still thy praise must be ;  
See ! thy mightiest incantation,  
—Fickleness bound fast by thee !

Woman's smile is sometimes fleeting,  
April sunshine ! rainbow sheen !  
Damon now—now Strephon greeting ;  
And a score of beaux between.

Thou canst “fix” those erring glances,  
Thou, the equal friend of all ;  
And in spite of changing fancies,  
Give to each beyond recall.

St. Fillan's, Scotland, Aug. 21, 1870.

*TWO VARIATIONS ON A VERY  
OLD THEME.*

---

I. "LOVE IS A DREAM." (*Andante.*)

LOVE is a dream ; and the dreaming  
Not less than in visions of night,  
Ends alway and only in seeming  
—A vanishing show of delight.

For Reason, the jailor, was sleeping,  
Tired out with his watch through the day ;  
While Fancy, his thrall, was o'erleaping  
Her bounds of imprisoning clay.

And wherever she chances to settle,  
Around her a paradise grows ;  
" Away with the thorn and the nettle,  
Come hither the myrtle and rose !"

And soon in the bower she is weaving  
A maiden-like phantom will rise ;  
The senses and judgment deceiving  
Alike both of simple and wise.

'Twould be strange if we fancied it no one,  
Nor gave the sweet creature a name ;  
A home, and a father, and so on :  
The trick is precisely the same.

For there never was wanting a real,  
However absurdly remote,  
To stand for that lovely ideal ;  
—Some shell for it earthward to float.

And so we imagine it Fanny,  
Or Beatrice, scarce in her teens ;  
Or Laura, Louisa, or Annie ;  
For all in their turns have been queens.

And we bear their capricious dominion  
As long as the glamour shall last ;  
Then Fancy once more waves her pinion,  
And Love is—a Dream of the Past.

II. "ONCE A SLAVE." (*Adagio.*)

"Once a slave, a slave for ever !"

Thus is writ Love's stern decree ;

"Guile or force thy soul shall never

From its fair oppressor free.

"Though it rove through all creation,

Climbing heights and sounding deeps ;

From its farthest, proudest station,

Back the craven abject creeps.

"Though in pride of sceptic daring,

Challenging all powers that be ;

Form nor inmost substance sparing,

Thou shalt never doubt of *me* !

“ If, to gentler service flying,  
     Thee should soothe some loving hand ;  
 All thy perjury belying,  
     Smarts again the scorching brand.”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Through bright eyes, fond love revealing,  
     Other eyes imperious gleam ;  
 Fairer, statelier forms concealing,  
     Hovers one resistless dream.

Yes ! last night, in visions mournful,  
     Though an age has passed between ;  
 Still I saw her, radiant, scornful,—  
     I a thrall, and she a queen !

*A RESTING-PLACE.*

I HAVE found me out a resting-place, a nook  
wherein to sleep ;

A lovely spot and lonely within the forest deep :

Where the blast that raged so fierce without in  
gentlest murmurs stirs,

And the jangling noise of discord blends to music  
through the firs ;

Where a voice is heard of waters, gladly hasting to  
their rest,

And the ringdove softly cooing to her loved ones in  
the nest ;

Where the harshest sound of labour is the humming  
of the bee,

Or the tapping of the woodpecker upon his hollow  
tree.

There let me soundly slumber when my day's work  
all is done,

And the last red gleam is dying above its vanished  
sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Move gently through the brushwood ! step lightly on  
the grass !

That no blithe thing be scared away to let the  
sleeper pass ;

See the turf be lifted tenderly ; no rootlet shall ye  
spoil

Of floweret or of humblest weed that houses in the  
soil.

Put no headstone ! lest so safe the place should  
seem not as before,

To the linnet for her fledglings—the squirrel for his  
store ;



Lest some poor hunted creature should go farther  
for repose,

Or the merry child should stop his play to wonder  
how it rose.

And let no word be spoken save that since the  
sleeper's birth,

The Truth hath triumphed gloriously and Heaven is  
nearer Earth ;

And that for one poor blunted brand which he could  
hope to wield,

A thousand good swords flash in air upon the tented  
field !

Or that, in some bright æon, 'mid a nobler race of  
men,

His Life of Life in worthier form may greet the earth  
again,

And claim his shield,\* more ardently the battle to  
renew

\* As Pythagoras that of Euphorbus.

For Justice and for Goodness,—for the Beautiful and  
True.

And join that last glad triumph he had hungered so  
to see,

Through the ever open portal of Jerusalem the Free.

May 9, 1877.

*HOW LORD ARCHIBALD SOUGHT  
THE GRAIL.\**

(IRREGULAR).

“**A** FAIR lot befalls thee,  
Lord Archibald!

A fair bride calls thee,  
Lord Archibald!

Thou hast hawk and hound ;  
And within the bound  
Of thine own domain

Thy strongest steed may tire and again ;  
And yet thou art not fain,  
Lord Archibald !”

“ Oh ! Lady Mother,” said he,

“ I dwell too long in mine own countrée ;

\* In this extravaganza the Holy Grail is regarded as the Cup of the First Communion.

Name and fame have I none ;  
My fair bride was not won ;  
My good sword uneath  
Abides its rusting sheath ;  
And, Mother, to-day as I sat at ease  
In the shade of the forest trees,  
A vision made the sun turn pale ;  
—Angels bearing the Holy Grail.  
I saw them as I see you now ;  
And, brighter than decks your queenly brow,  
A ruby drop upon the brim ;  
And I heard the last sad parting hymn,  
—That hymn whose echoes linger yet  
About the steep of Olivet.  
And, Mother, Mother, I may not rest,  
Till I set forth on the holy quest.”

\* \* \* \* \*

His mother will weep aloud,  
His bride will pine away ;

His mother will don her shroud,  
His bride her "habit" grey ;  
And far shall he ride, and far shall he sail,  
And his hair grow white, and his cheek grow pale,  
Or ever he find the Holy Grail.

\* \* \* \* \*

In many a chapel fair,  
In many a minster high,  
Were goblets rich and rare,  
But the Grail he could not spy ;  
Though Christendom he searched around  
In holiest of all holy ground.  
And so he journeyed east,  
As pilgrims ever have done,  
Faring forth in the morning mist  
To greet the lordly sun.

He left greensward for desert sand,  
And the sun at noon rose higher ;

Christian folk for the Paynim's land,  
Yet still he did not tire :  
But his good steed waxing thin and spare,  
His master's lithe form could not bear ;  
He stumbled and fell on a cruel stone,  
And Lord Archibald wandered forth alone—  
Alone in the Paynim's land,  
Nor food nor drop was nigh ;  
Alone on the desert sand  
(With hands all meekly crost,  
Deeming his labour lost),  
He laid him down to die ;  
When again that vision fair  
Made pale the noontide there :  
An angel stooped o'er the dying man,  
And pressed the cup to his thin lips wan.  
Lord Archibald raised his fainting head ;  
But the vision all had fled,  
And of nothing was he sure,

Save of a gourd of water pure,  
And one that raised him from the ground,  
Where he had lain in deadly swoond  
And angel eyes looked loving still,  
'Neath the turbaned brow of an Infidel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, with steps refreshed but slow,  
Westward turned he him to go.  
Nor further would he roam ;  
The Grail perchance was nearer home !  
So through the desert vast and drear  
By many a river, mount and mere,  
With weary step he backward past,  
Till Christendom he gained at last.

It was a city huge and dim ;  
But there was none to welcome him ;  
And night came on with icy rain,  
And the tempest drove amain.

For shelter from the pitiless sleet,  
He hied him down a narrow street,  
Where through a door that stood ajar  
A light shone like a dying star,  
And from within a piteous moan  
Might have moved a heart of stone ;  
And one there lay in utmost woe  
Ever tossing to and fro :  
She had been lovely once to see,  
Bright as fairest maid may be ;  
But scorn and want and bitter care  
Had foully marred her beauty rare.

With noiseless step and courteous fear,  
Lord Archibald approached full near ;  
But nothing did the sufferer say,  
Save " Woe is me !" and " Well-a-day !"  
When through the tempest and the night  
Shone Heaven's insufferable light ;



And down the gloomy drenchéd street,  
Thorough the blast and driving sleet,  
An angel, with the glory pale,  
Steadily bore the Holy Grail.

Then, as before, the vision waned ;  
And of its splendour nought remained  
Save the paleness—and the grace  
That knightly eye ne'er fails to trace  
When love lights gentle woman's face.  
It was no saint of heaven or earth,  
But one sin-stricken from her birth,  
—A sister in her shame and grief—  
That to the sufferer brought relief.

Then knew he that his quest was done ;  
The knowledge had he dearly won :  
From farthest east to set of sun,  
When love-borne draughts have lightened pain,  
The Holy Grail is found again.

*ONE BANNER ADVANCING.*



FAIR shines the bright morn on a gay cavalcade ;  
 And along the smooth meadow and through the  
     green glade,

    I see many banners advancing.

And crosses and crescents, the lion and pard  
 Wave friendly together ; between them they guard  
     A youth with white banner advancing.

Tightly he grasps it, mid buffet and sneer,  
 Afoot and distressed ; yet he nothing can fear  
     For his banner, though drooping, advancing.

---

Now narrow and rugged the path they must tread,  
A torrent below, and a rock over head,  
And I see fewer banners advancing.

The cross and the crescent, the lion and pard  
Hustle fiercely together ; they care not to guard  
That youth with his banner advancing.

Wild rages the strife and more wildly the storm,  
Those banners and bearers down hurling ;  
But firmer his step and more stately his form,  
And his banner now proudly unfurling,

Through cloud and through tempest he conquers his  
way ;  
And more bright than the driven snow glancing,  
Still onward and upward in glorious day  
I see that One Banner advancing.

Nov. 30, 1873.

*THE WIND.*

HEBREW רוּחַ — SPIRIT.



THE landscape now seems old and dull,  
 Though once we called it beauty-full ;  
 But the Wind is fresh and free away,  
 And whether he be grave or gay,  
 Spirit with spirit communes aye.

By his voice I know full well  
 Whether he comes from fire-scathed fell,  
 Tossing torrents into spray,  
 Breaking pines in giant play ;  
 Or gently breathing from the mead,  
 Whispering of violets hid,  
 And the wild-rose with woodbine thrid ;

Or, wet his lips with the salt-sea foam,  
As he blessed the glad ships bounding home,  
And kissed the mermaids where they lay,  
Combing their hair in the golden bay.

If grief or pain oppress thee,  
Or melancholy sad possess thee :  
Bide thou not in lonesome cell,  
(Listen ! I advise thee well),  
Cowering down in sadness,  
Nursing grief to madness :—  
But get thee to the hill-top high  
To hear the wild wind whistling by :  
That shall give thee second life ;  
Sting thy manhood into strife ;  
Quit thee with the tyrannous wrong ;  
Make thee blithe and make thee strong ;  
And camest thou a thrice-bound slave,  
Thou shalt return a freeman brave.

All day through blooms of Paradise  
The sinful pair in childish wise,  
Thinking lightly of their sin,  
Wandered on till day drew in.  
Then Conscience might no more abide :  
A stern voice shook the garden wide,  
—God in the Wind at eventide.

And when from Eden forth they trod,  
While tears bedewed the unblest sod,  
Nor Heaven nor Earth might give them ease,  
Yet Pity filled the moaning breeze :  
For whether he be grave or gay,  
Spirit with spirit communes aye.

*NOSCITUR IN ADVERSIS REBUS.*

ACROSS a summer sky  
Birds of all hue in undistinguished shadow fly ;  
Clouds blacken from the West,  
Then Heaven's white peaceful Dove is known among  
the rest.

*RESTORATIONS.*

WHERE Beauty once hath held her reign,  
Beauty would fain be queen again ;  
'Mid city spires or rustic groves,  
Revisiting the place she loves.  
But chiefly where Religion's spell  
Hath mingled Earth and Heaven so well,  
That still the doubting eye enquires,  
Where Heaven begins and Earth expires.



*IN MEMORIAM.*

WE honour not the loving who have left us,  
By turning sadly from the Earth they cherished ;  
For thus harsh-dealing Death that hath bereft us,  
Would doubly rob it by so much love perished.  
They left their large bequest of loving-kindness,  
Not to lie buried in the grave's dark hiding,  
Or scattered on their tomb in sorrow's blindness ;  
But, as to honourable trust confiding  
To make an alms'-gate of Death's gloomy portal ;  
The loving die, but Love should be immortal.

October 1, 1860.

# A CANON OF LIFE.

(IRREGULAR.)



## YOUTH.

GET not much gold  
 Nor many books,  
 Nor pictures fine and old ;  
 Nor fields and groves and flowing brooks ;  
 What's not for use  
 Is for abuse.  
 Taste, then leave the feast :  
 One course can sate the *god*,  
 A second, *man*,  
 A third would cloy the *beast* ;  
*He* fareth best that can his craving stay with least.

Enrich thy soul,  
Then let all other go  
Whither the wind it blow.  
And think what Hesiod said of yore,  
“Fools only know not how much more  
The half is than the whole.”

MIDDLE AGE.

When thy soul hath gotten strength,  
Give thou thy cords more length ;  
If riches come with conscience clean,  
They bring to thee no teene ;  
What thou canst truly use  
Why needest thou refuse ?  
Books and lands and mastery,  
If that thou no sluggard be,  
Leaving thy books unread, thy lands unsown ;  
Thy service all unsped, thy servants' names unknown.

## OLD AGE.

Now again thou seemest poor,  
As thou wert of yore ;  
Thou hast little joy of thy outward store ;  
Little rememberest of thy lore,  
Save truth and fealty,  
—What men should do and be ;  
And perhaps must keep thee within door :  
Then let thy chimney-corner be  
A place of highest dignity,  
Where thou judgest truthfully.  
And in thy thin hand a rood  
Made of that same royal wood  
Which Hermes gave to Pelops old,  
With its antique studs of gold.

If this hath been thy cheer,  
And if thus thou hast grown sere,

---

Then hast thou had everything  
Which the round world holds in her ring.  
And thy neighbours every one  
Shall come to ask thy benison ;  
Thy children's children homage bring ;  
And certes thou shalt die, a King.

*TO SLEEP.*



O HONEYED drop, beneath Life's bitterest draught!  
 Sweet lull of eve, when gentlest breezes waft  
 Our storm-tost bark into the quiet port :  
 Thou blest enfranchisement,—though all too short  
 To heal the bruised breast and chafed wing,  
 And sickness of our soul's imprisoning.  
 Thou softest pressure of that hand unseen  
 Which martyrs grasp the raging flames between,  
 Sealing the scalding founts for those who weep,  
 —His hand, who “giveth His Beloved sleep.”  
 Say where, in cave remote or deepest mine,  
 —Where hast thou hid thine urns of anodyne ?  
 Which Thou, in covert of Night's darkest hour,  
 With stealthiest footsteps bring'st to grot or bower.

---

But chief to Labour's couch, brimful of bliss,  
—Scarce kind to Care, less liberal to Ease :  
Breathe half thy secret in our eager ear,  
And we will delve and toil the live-long year,  
To find, perchance, some remnant of thy store,  
And, finding, drink our fill and weep no more.

## *RHYMES OF HOME.*



### PRELUDE.

“Return unto thy rest, O my soul ; for the Lord hath dealt  
bountifully with thee.”—PSALM cxvi. 7.

(IRREGULAR.)

MY soul, beat not thy prison bars !  
       Nor vainly pine  
 To sweep the azure with the stars ;  
       Their courses them confine  
       In one unchanging line ;  
 This little cagéd space is freely thine.

      Why peevishly despise  
       The joys it brings ?  
 The homely cares that make thee humbly wise,  
       Thy gladsome flutterings



---

And flittings to and fro from store to nest,  
Where warmly rest  
Thy fledglings small, whose life without thine aid  
Would quickly fade :

Bate not thy simple song because none heedeth thee  
Save those who love thee better than thy lay ;  
Fret not because none needeth thee  
Save those who in *thy* need will near thee stay ;  
Nor deem thyself unblest,  
Because Heaven gives thee *only* of its best,  
—Safety, and Love, and Rest.

Feb. 5, 1864.

## *GUARDIAN ANGELS.*



FEAR or Hope with Fancy wed,  
 Shadowy forms hath often bred,—  
 Watchful spirits, good and fair,  
 Shielding man from force or snare,  
 And ghostly ills in earth or air.

Few this latter age can boast ;  
 Some with changing creed are lost,  
 Some with length of eld are vanished,  
 Or by Thought's stern mandate banished  
 From our disenchanted coast.  
 Yet, of every one bereft,  
 To me are better genii left :  
 I should summon those in vain,

Nor would I call them back again ;  
*For I have Guardian Angels twain.*  
True, they are of fairy height,  
Nor in radiant armour dight ;  
And their words are lispéd low,  
And their speech is soft and slow ;  
Yet more than warrior's might have they ;  
For certes they can chase away  
Evils that none other may :  
Care, that " rides behind the knight  
And climbs with him the galley bright ;" \*  
Envy dark and wan regret,  
And Ambition fouler yet ;  
Stings of wrong, and tyrants' frown  
Trampling Thought and Conscience down ;  
Or if Pandora's box had more  
Of ills for humankind in store—  
Pale Mistrust, or coward Fear,

\* Horace, Ode III. i. 40.

Dare not come these warders near.  
For in fingers small they hold  
A magic wand of might untold,  
(Such as never Michael Scott,  
Or Merlin in Silurian grot,  
Archimage or Ismen bold  
Plucked from bough, or dug from mould),  
Seeming but a simple flower,  
Violet, or kingcup bright,  
Lithe bluebell or daisy white :—  
Yet possessed of wondrous power  
Sprites and goblins to affright  
And change my darkness into light.  
For with words of sweet command  
They take the sad one by the hand,  
And lead him into fairy-land.  
Through the upland as we go  
Weary world is left below ;  
And yonder copse is often gay

With flowerets of no earthly May.  
Ever onward as we move,  
By hill or valley, mead or grove,  
Moves with us a charmed round,  
Changéd all to holy ground.  
Banned by artless speech and spell,  
And the wandlets waving well,  
No ill thing approacheth nigh ;  
Fiends that skulk, and fiends that fly  
Scowl on us, but pass us by.

Spirits then, of Earth or Air,  
Were ye ne'er so good and fair,  
Bringing joy or easing pain,  
I would not wish you back again.  
To me are better genii left ;  
For of every one bereft,  
I have Guardian Angels twain.

Upper Grange, Stroud, May, 1855.

*THE MOTHER'S AWAKING.*

HER babe asleep,—the mother sleeps  
All peacefully and still :  
The Guardian Angel vigil keeps ;  
And with a right good will  
He warns away a dream of care  
From her untroubled brow ;  
And in its place a vision fair  
Is entering even now. \*

She sees her little one at play  
Her other loves among ;  
And 'mid their laughter loud and gay,  
She hears his lisping tongue.

Anon, a bright and joyous boy,  
—Some seven years old or more—  
He runs, with book or jest, or toy,  
To meet her at the door.  
And then a youth on learning bent,  
Ambition's kindling eye  
And knit brow, showing strong intent  
To know "the reason why."  
She leans upon a stalwart arm  
Amid a pressing throng ;  
He soothes her womanly alarm  
With manly voice and strong.

\* \* \* \* \*

She hears it still ;—but now it seems  
A feeble voice and low,  
The last faint echo of her dreams,  
That bless her as they go :

A feeble voice;—but stronger far  
To pierce her dreaming heaven  
Than Eildoun's horn, or blast of war  
To rouse the spell-bound Seven.

Nor would she change his tiny self,  
That now is all her own,  
For manhood's prime, or roguish elf;  
Or aught the dream had shown.  
Those fingers small,—that drooping head;  
Those lips that scarce can kiss;  
The dream was joy;—but when it fled  
She wakened into bliss.



*MILDRED AND THE FAIRIES.*

BY day her careful nurses  
Brush little Mildred's hair ;  
They part it in the middle,  
And make it smooth and fair.

At night the tricky fairies  
This careful work undo ;  
With tiny waving fingers,  
They toss it to and fro.

And well they know their pleasure,  
The roguish, meddling elves ;  
They want to keep my Mildred  
A baby to themselves.

They love to have a little child  
Within their fairy bowers :  
To wreathe her baby cot about  
With shadowy elfin flowers.

By meadows deep in asphodel,  
Her dreaming sprite to float ;  
While whispering winds and chanted spells  
Waft on their fairy boat.

Her dimpled smile betrays how well,  
She listens while they sing ;  
And all her slumbers calm and sweet,  
Are fanned by fairies' wing.

And sure I like their purpose,  
The busy wily elves,  
To keep my darling Mildred  
A baby to themselves.

Long may they bar the evil days  
Of vanity and care!  
And long their tiny fingers wave  
Amid her golden hair.

April 8, 1864.

*THE LAST SLUMBER.*

I WONDER much what it can be that makes dear  
    mother weep,  
For sister Alice seems quite well now she is gone to  
    sleep ;  
And if you'll walk up softly I will show you where  
    she is,  
Only though she looks so fair you'll promise not to  
    kiss.  
For when *I* was a tiny thing, and used to be asleep,  
Smiling as she does there in a slumber fast and  
    deep,  
She would not, for a kiss, she said, make spirits bright  
    to flee,  
For she "knew that the angels were whispering to  
    me."

So I only bring wild violets,—wild violets from the  
lane,

And I lay them gently on her, and walk softly out  
again ;

And when she wakes she'll say : "Why, you have  
covered me with flowers,

Like the Children in the Wood, in that old book of  
ours ;"

But poor Robin Redbreast had only leaves to bring,  
For that was in the autumn, but now it is the spring.

\*

\*

\*

\*

She said she should sleep soundly when her life's  
task all was o'er,

And she seemed so very weary for three long weeks  
before ;

Then as she looks so tired we will let her sleep  
awhile,

And perhaps, when she awakes, she will greet us  
with a smile,

And tell us what the angels said who came to her in  
dreams,

And of merry birds and butterflies in Heaven's golden  
beams,

And of flowers that grow so gaily along the clear  
bright streams.

Then come up very softly, and I'll show you where  
she is ;

But remember, though she looks so fair, you promise  
not to kiss.

1852.



## INEXORABLE LOVE.



“ The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.”

PSALM xix. 8.

OH ! for one lightest word,

One syllable divine !

Like those which SINAI heard,

And trembling echoed back to farthest Palestine.

One clear “ Do this, and live ;

“ Do that, and *surely* die !

“ None can a ransom give,

“ Nor blunt His Mercy’s shafts, nor bid them turn  
awry.”

Its flames were guiding light ;

Its Curse, Love’s eager pain

To shield through Error’s night,

Till dawns the bliss of Heaven on Earth begun again.

*L'ENVOY.*

GO, tiny boat, upon a boisterous sea !  
Where most are shipwrecked, venturing like thee ;  
Thou wast not made to buffet stormy waves ;  
But for some peaceful streamlet, such as laves  
Our "Golden Vale"; yet fear thou not the event ;  
For if, with shattered sides and sails all rent,  
Thou must return, a welcome shalt thou find ;  
And, each content with other, by the wind  
Of flattering Fancy wafted, will we glide  
On gentler waters through life's eventide ;  
And soon forgetting all that tossing main,  
Will slumber, heedless of the world's disdain.

Bussage House, Stroud, Gloucestershire,

Oct. 18, 1880.



*"HE WAS TRANSFIGURED  
BEFORE THEM."*



THEY climbed no earthly mount,  
Who saw Thee passing fair :  
But inly radiant with Thy glory's fount,  
Themselves transfigured were.

No wonder that they feared,  
And deemed Earth's footing gone,  
When sudden to their purgèd sight appeared  
The glories of Thy throne.

Thy throne of Light and Love ;  
Of Knowledge, strong to bless ;  
Of Gentleness, the humble to approve ;  
Of Peace with Righteousness.

No wonder they exclaim,  
'Twere well to tarry there :  
But first the thorns, the spitting and the shame,  
The Cross and the Despair !

*"MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS  
WORLD."*



NOT *all* the Gospel page  
Is love-transfigured fact :

One clear recòrd lives on from age to age,  
Unchallenged and intact.

*They mocked him as a King :*

He not the title scorns ;

Yet, lest they deem his rule the slave-reared thing,

*They* bow to, thus he warns :

"Not built on force or fraud,

—Or human or divine—

The gentle reign of Righteousness and God :

No earthly kingdom mine."

\* \* \* \* \*

I see them mocking still,  
With more refinèd spite ;  
For in His very name His mockers kill  
The Children of the Light.

While Knowledge slowly opes  
The prison-doors of Mind ;  
While Right with Wrong and Truth with  
Falsehood copes,  
Again those thorns are twined.

“A King?—then smite thy foes!”  
Again they sneer in hate :  
Nathless, as Dawn invincible that rose,  
Love’s Kingdom widens yet.

*ET RESURREXIT.*

“AND is He risen again,  
Whom late they crucified ?

—That Galilæan, who the Law made plain,  
And priests and scribes defied.”

Yes ! He is risen again ;  
Not, as some fondly deem,  
—Thinking “God’s temple” thus set free from  
stain,—

In half-substantial dream ;

But in Love’s living strength,  
That Law to glorify ;  
God’s perfect will on earth to work at length,  
And bring His Kingdom nigh,

Yes! He is risen again,  
All altars to destroy  
Save one—the heart that knows no separate pain,  
Nor tastes a separate joy ;

Whose incense ever burns,  
Nor seeks the upper air ;  
But still in perfume sweet to earth returns,  
And *spends* its fragrance there.

Yes! He is risen again,  
All idols to confound ;  
To lay in dust each blood-polluted fane,  
And purge the unhallowed ground.

Nor even that loftier shrine,  
Secure in Reason's pride,  
Of Cause Omnipotent, thence judged divine,  
“ His coming ” may abide.

Might counts not Right below ;  
Much less in Heaven above :  
One Blest Supreme alone doth Conscience know :  
Self-sacrificing Love.\*

Yes ! He is risen again,  
All Creeds in shreds to tear  
Save this : " He serveth God that loveth Man ;"  
And clear the fog-rid air.

*Our* Lord is risen indeed !  
With all the undaunted host  
Who to that " better resurrection " speed,  
Though to the blind world lost ;

Through tortures, floods, and fires,  
Through many a pang and throe ;  
Of whose unchangeable being nought expires ;  
Whose power no end can know.

\* See Note, page 83.

Knowledge at His right hand  
From worse than Death shall free:  
Shall bid the enfranchised *Spirit* upright stand  
In light and liberty!

Nor less the body save  
From half sin's guileful lure;  
Its taint in mightier founts than Jordan lave,  
And make its vileness pure.

Not vengeful from the skies,  
With kingly terrors crowned;  
But as the "tender plant" and flow'ret rise,  
Shall Righteousness abound.

Though "prophecies shall fail"  
And "wonders" baseless prove;  
A riper faith shall see "within the veil"  
The miracles of Love.



---

\* \* \* \*

In Wisdom, self-possessed,  
That grows not old with years ;  
In cheerful work, still blessing and still blessed,  
In Pity's God-like tears ;  
  
In Peace, but more in Light ;  
In saintly joys of home ;  
In Honour built on Worth, and Law on Right :  
Even so, Lord Jesus, come !

*LABORARE EST ORARE.*

---

*THEY* pray, but not in word,  
 Whom best the Father loves ;  
 No ear but His their supplication heard,  
 Whom most our God approves.

Who early work and late,  
 The sufferer's tear to dry ;  
*They* knock the loudest at the heavenly gate,  
 And speediest gain reply.

Next, those who meekly live,  
 With mild and pitying mien ;  
 Grieving they have no other alms to give,  
 —*Their* prayer shall enter in.

But speech with thought alone,  
In church or cloistered cell,  
Does but re-echo from the unconscious stone,  
The utterer's pride to swell.

PILGRIM AND SOJOURNER.

---

PILGRIM and Sojourner! wherefore complain thee?  
 Which of Earth's stages *need* long time detain thee?  
 If tears are bedewing thy pillow with sorrow,  
 Haste then, and quit it full early to-morrow :  
 Bide not in slumber till grief shall awake thee ;  
 Hie thee o'er mount and mere lest it o'ertake thee !

Pilgrim and Sojourner ! wherefore complain thee ?  
 Which of Earth's pleasures *should* long time detain  
       thee ?

Banquets are spread : but I rede *thee*, " Recline no  
 Flagons are crowned : " For the red wine repine not !"  
 Eat thy hard crust 'neath the shade of the mountain ;  
 Slake thy parched throat with the rill from the  
       fountain !

Sweet flowers refresh thee when way-worn and jaded ;  
Say, wouldst thou linger until they are faded ?  
Fair maidens smile on thee, playfully greeting ;  
Say, wouldst thou stay to learn : "Love is but fleeting?"

Askest thou, "Wherefore each gentle tie sever ?  
And what is the guerdon of all mine endeavour ?"  
Shame on thee, Chosen One ! blest beyond dreaming,  
Child of the Dawn ! its first moments redeeming,  
Others Time crushes beneath its careering ;  
Still through their cherished hopes pitiless steering,  
*Thou* pressest on with it, ever to vanward !  
Breathest its watchword : "Still onward and onward !"   
Hopes bright and boundless thy pale cheek are  
flushing :  
Cool'st thy hot brow in the wind of its rushing :  
Thou from Time's summits fore-readest the story  
Of Man crowned with Knowledge, with Power, and  
with Glory ;

Thou in its valleys still hearest the going  
Of brooklets to rivers of plenteousness flowing ;  
Thou through its champaign, for equity yearning,  
Cheerfully paces, the glad day discerning,  
When Earth shall become the Highway of the Holy,  
And pride shall fall down 'neath the feet of the lowly ;  
And as unto Childhood the dewdrops are shining,  
Of Life in its morning, ere sadly declining ;  
So to thee ever, from birth unto dying,  
All Nature seems new-born, corruption defying.  
Others but guess at it : thou hast the viewing,  
That Rest is but Death, that all Life is Renewing.

Then, Pilgrim and Sojourner ! cease to complain thee ;  
Unto the end let this guerdon sustain thee :  
Even to the last thy bold breathing be " Onward !"   
Sinking in death, let thy face be to vanward.

*TO NATURE.*

WE may paint, paint, paint ;  
But we never can paint like thee !  
With thy purple dawns, and thy rosy blooms,  
And the azure of thy sea !

We may sing, sing, sing ;  
But we never can sing like thee !  
When the wild waves chant in thine echoing caves,  
And the shrill winds answer free.

We may smile, smile, smile ;  
But we never can smile like thee !  
When the sun breaks forth from an April cloud  
And lights up all the lea.

We may frown, frown, frown ;  
But we never can frown like thee !  
When thy sudden glooms announce thy dooms,  
And guilt-scared cowards flee.

We may preach, preach, preach ;  
But we never can preach like thee !  
With thy holy calms—thy healing balms  
For Man's deep misery.



*TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.*

(IRREGULAR.)



HARP of the Wilderness !  
 That by no "mortal finger strook,"  
 From some deep-shadowed nook,  
 Our ears with spheral harmonies canst bless ;  
 Ah ! why so cruel coy ?  
 Why like an angered maiden snatch away  
     the joy ?  
 What despite have we done,  
 That thou shouldst end the strain divine ere well  
     begun ?  
 For should that hand unseen,  
 —Whose guidance none may surely  
     guess—  
 Linger thy chords between,

Earth's music should be all forgot :  
Even his who highest soars ;  
Who tore whole leaves from out angelic  
    'scores,'  
Remembered not.

\*          \*          \*          \*

Faint through the tremulous air,  
I hear thee murmur, "Nay!"  
That 'tis in pity thou dost stay  
The perilous bliss we could not bear ;  
Lest, raptured with the sound,  
—As she that all herself hath lent  
To one too eloquent—  
Our souls should quit "this muddy vesture"  
    at a bound.

*EBRIETAS VICTA.*

---

BRITONS! prepare for War  
 In a yet holier cause  
 Than trampled freedom or insulted laws :  
 Rise to defend the weak !  
 The babe that cannot speak,  
 The wife that *dares* not—dastards that we are !

Rouse every noble power,  
 Proved in victorious fight,  
 'Gainst Mammon's wiles and leagued oppres-  
 sion's might ;  
 Each gentler force unsought,  
 Swifter than love-borne thought,  
 Shall speed to aid the brave in battle's hour.

Knowledge ! lead thou the van  
To win an easy spoil :  
Thou need'st not gird thyself for serious toil ;  
As when, in armour dight  
Thou pressest on to smite  
Through brake and steep, the enemies of Man,  
In majesty be there,  
Son of the kindling eye !  
—Beneath which quailed a milder slavery—  
Truth-speaking Eloquence ;  
And with fierce radiance  
Track home the foe, and light up all his lair !  
Satire ! now mark him well !  
Stiffen each knotted thong :  
Dip thrice each barbèd point in venom strong ;  
( Truth and her Sister, Love,  
For once shall both approve )  
Then lift thine arm,—and scourge the Fiend  
to Hell !

---

Through all the enfranchised land  
His shameful rout pursue  
The Giant Strength, and Health of rosy hue ;  
On mothers' arms uprise  
Children with laughing eyes,  
And shout amain to see the monster banned.

To join the glad acclaim  
And weave the exulting dance,  
Beauty, with Modesty close joined, advance !  
Justice ! thy sword lay by ;  
With Peace make holiday ;  
And gentle Trust, and Worth of spotless name.

Haste from thy modest cell,  
Nymph of the perfumed lip !  
Fair Abstinence ! that ne'er hast deigned to sip,  
Save of the purest rills,  
Such as with fragrance fills  
The violets' breath by thine own crystal well.

As in Bonduca's car,  
When she on vengeance sped,  
A mournful band shall lift the timorous head—  
Lost Fame, with eyelids wet ;  
Remorse and wan Regret—  
With steadfast gaze on Happiness afar.

In hideous discord wild,  
Crimes of but single stain  
Shall mock their fallen Sire with loud disdain  
Their foulest even dare  
His brand-marked front to bare,  
And flout the coward Vice that starves a child.

“*GREATER WORKS THAN THESE.*”

(JOHN xiv. 12.)



What needs The Master all this tinsel show

To hide His crown of thorns ?

What shred of glories faded long ago,

*His* majesty adorns ?

Why prove, laborious, that He stilled the waves

On little Galilee,

When, through the Ocean storms where Passion raves,

His voice speaks peace in *me* ?

Why tell me that He multiplied the bread,

To feed the hungering few ?

Or from their slumbers roused the peaceful dead

To meet Life's woes anew ?

The World's wide orb—not Palestine's scant bounds—  
His liberal might shall bless ;  
And rolling ages' measure-scorning bounds  
Adore His gentleness.

Not faith alone the wonders of an hour,  
With tear-blurred eye shall see ;  
But eagle-sighted Wit confess His power,  
Who died on Calvary.

The Love that rose immortal from His tomb  
Shall find her Sister, Truth ;  
So Earth a fairer paradise shall bloom  
Than in her fabled youth.

Love-guided Knowledge to her bleakest isles  
Shall waft full generous fare ;  
While Love itself still costlier dainties piles  
On many a table bare.



Not now and then shall cease the mourner's plaint

For loved ones snatched too soon :

But *nevermore* our anguished hearts grow faint

—Our suns eclipsed at noon.

Wisdom shall teach her fondlings *hand in hand*

To walk Life's dangerous way ;

So famished Death shall gnaw an iron band

Until the close of day.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I did wrong thee, Death ! thou too shalt  
change :

—Not the grim nurse of yore,

That called the children with harsh voice and strange

Before their play was o'er.

With silent finger thou shalt lift the latch,

And see their sports, and smile :

Thou shalt learn patience of thy Lord, and watch ;

Nor think it long the while :

Then, as thou seest each weary eyelid droop,  
And cherished toy forgot,  
With more than mother's tenderness shalt stoop,  
And bear them to their cot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such are *Thy* miracles, Thou gentle Seer !  
For these we throng Thy shrine :  
No meaner boons could make Thy name so dear,  
Or stamp Thy power " Divine."

## NOTE TO "ET RESURREXIT."

Page 65.



A *personal* object of supreme reverence can be none other than the Being who seems to us to possess the greatest moral dignity. But moral dignity certainly does not consist in quantity or duration of being, or pre-existence, or causality, or intelligence, or simple benevolence, or all these combined, whether supposed finite or infinite. Nor does that approbation or exaction of well-doing which is frequently understood by the term 'holiness' as applied to Deity, constitute moral dignity. Our consciences bow down to no other *personal* object of supreme reverence than that Being whom we believe to be now displaying the greatest amount of moral energy—*i.e.*, self-sacrificing love. Doctrines of incarnation, Classical, Christian, or other, recognize this truth to a limited extent ; but only with limitations ; for they regard the condition of labour and suffering, resulting from incarnation, not as a culmination but as a temporary renunciation of divine dignity : the repose into which the Incarnate God is supposed ultimately to retire, and which is really a morally inferior state, *they* posit as superior. The orthodox Christian view, *e.g.*, represents the Incarnation as a partial self-deprivation or self-degradation, not an intensification and culmination of Deity ; the "glory" into which the Incarnate Word is imagined to enter being considered a higher phase of being than the working and suffering on which it follows.

The belief in "a Power not ourselves that makes for Righteousness" seems to the writer essential to *hopeful* work for human good. But the self-contradictory representations of the current theology, which the Christian spirit of equity, aided by Science, is slowly undermining, have been, and still are, eminently mischievous.



TO THE AGE.

“SURSUM CORDA.”



NO fable was ‘the tale of Troy divine’  
 To those who felt, with each impassioned line,  
 Heroic pulses surging through their veins :  
 Who knew that, front to front, on Ilium’s plains  
 With armed gods their fathers’ sires had fought ;  
 Through heavenly panoplies their will had  
     wrought ;  
 Driven home the lance, the unerring shaft had  
     sent,  
 And bright celestial steel with sacred ichor sprent.

And are *we* less than they, who foil so well  
 Jove’s fiercest bolt ? nay, whose resistless spell

Binds it obsequious to our luxury's car ;  
Sends it, commissioned high for peace or war,  
—A herald, bidding hosts the sword to unsheathe ;  
Or—love's fond cipher in apt ears to breathe,—  
By mount or plain, through Ocean's baffled wave,  
A thousand leagues,—a courier silent as the grave ?

Or should *we* peak and pine, and smite the  
breast ;  
Grovel in dust, or wail our lot unblest,  
Who Pain's dire current to its fountain track,  
Imperious bid its hellish surgings back ;  
The deep-fanged torturer in a dream expel ;  
The pestilence that wars on beauty quell ;  
Yea ! from the primal curse itself unbind  
The fairest, truest, dearest half of humankind ?

HEIR OF THE AGES ! whose uncounted store  
Thy sateless usury heaps to more and more :

Self-spoiléd Child ! can all avail thee nought,  
—The magic toys thine own deft hands have  
wrought ?

—The costly sweets thy slaves around thee pile !

—The new found symphonies that might beguile  
Cherub or Seraph on his skyward way

Heaven's harpings to forget for so divine a lay ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Harsh or unmeaning was the broken strain  
Of Nature ; or but heard, then lost again,  
(Like fitful snatches of the wind-swept lyre,  
That wake our credulous fancy and expire ;)  
The rhythm by the Samian whilom dreamed,  
—Beauty and Order, where confusion seemed,  
Vainly surmised,—till Newton's patient ear  
Caught the melodious numbers of the sliding sphere.

Then, as from tuneless pipe and jarring chord,  
Now fitly set or strung, the music's lord,

His wand compulsive waving, bids arise,  
 To right and left, its choral ecstasies ;  
 So, from Earth's centre to the utmost star,  
 —Deep answering unto deep,—resounds afar  
 The Cosmic chant : and last the *living* throng  
 Join the harmonious pomp, to Darwin's Orphic song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such is the triumph greets *thine* eyes and ears ;  
 Nor need'st thou weep the Macedonian's tears,  
 When sadly he his conquering banners furled,  
 Deeming his speck of sovereignty a world :  
 THOU turn'st disdainful from thy trophies won ;  
 Thy glance imperial notes some farthest sun,  
 Whose labouring beams through dateless æons  
     rolled,  
 The story of their birth, even now, have scarcely told

To thy keen eyes ; yet askest thou forlorn,  
 WHAT PROFITS LIFE ? and WHEREFORE WAS I  
     BORN ?



—Not so the sons of Sparta, or of Rome,  
Or where the proud Athené made her home :  
‘Work to their hands, and glory for their meed :’  
—What more could Heaven bestow or mortals  
need ?

Nought else they craved, nor further durst explore ;  
They knew the path divine, and saw a God before.

Yet what *their* triumphs ? Ask yon desert plain,  
Where Echo gives thee back thy words again  
From silent cities ; ask the famished child  
That wanders outcast through a homeless wild ;  
The widowed bride ; or that sad band distressed,  
By all the ills that man can know oppressed ;  
That wring their hands, and call on death in vain,  
Condemned to life, to toil, to insult and to pain.

*Thy* heralds, like Aurora’s, scatter flowers ;  
And Plenty smiles, and Joy bedecks her bowers

At thine approach ; before thy terrors flee  
— Baulked of their trembling prey, by land or  
sea—

The enslavers' hordes : Stoop'st thou to *vulgar*  
war,

Thy rigour's harshest tones more courteous are  
Than barbarous Peace : as witness Gallia's shore,  
Invaded, conquered,—freer, richer than of yore !

Then smooth thy vexéd brow, as conquerors  
wont !

What power, divine or human, dares affront  
Thy serried ranks, or stay thy triumph's car ?  
—Yet see ! What shadowy pomp appears afar ?  
—Spoils of all fields that warriors ever lost ;  
And faded laurels on the dusk air tost ;  
And in their van He for whom kings make room,  
And frolic Mirth sits mute, and sunshine turns to  
gloom.

And with him One, as partner of his state,  
Bending with age extreme ; with palsied gait  
And noiseless foot ; —yet look where he hath  
passed !

Not raging fires, nor fierce tornado's blast,  
Nor earthquake gaping wide, nor treacherous sea  
Such desolation e'er hath wrought as he :

What the other spares, his withered palms efface ;  
Even mountains, crumbling ever to their crumbling  
base.

And now those awful shades approach thy  
light :

And thy clear splendours daze Time's blinking  
sight,

Much fearing, thou some talisman hast found

' To stay his ravage ; or with quick rebound,  
What he had strown to raise with beauties new,  
And all his sad disfigurements undo :

But chief, he shall not wanton as of old  
With Wisdom's priceless gems, and Learning's stores  
untold.

For 'twas his use—the bearer once laid low,  
Leaving his torch upon the ground aglow—  
With careful spite to trample out each spark ;  
Thus leaving man's drear pathway ever dark :  
But thy Teutonic art relights the flame,  
And puts his dull malevolence to shame ;  
In hope each faithful hand its trust resigns,  
And Truth's far radiant torch, “ the more it's shook,  
it shines.”

And thou hast other arts, more wondrous still,  
To curb his power, and thwart his wasteful will :  
Thy sun-spiced alchymy, exceeding much  
That fabled cunning of the Midas touch :

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For now no peerless glance of beauty's eye,  
Or grace of flow'ret, opening but to die ;  
—Of vaporous wreath, or wind-tost billow white—  
Shall melt to formless void, in dull Oblivion's  
    night.

Ill suits his constant pace, and beard of snow,  
Thy pulse electric, flashing to and fro ;  
That morn and eve, and steadfast date confounds,  
And all his memory's well accustomed bounds :  
Thy fiery cars that run their furious race,  
And voices heard afar, that mock at Space ;  
And thy night-chasing, 'artful' solar ray,  
That wakes the slumbering leaves to own thy  
    tyrant sway.

But while I utter all his drear mischance,  
Behold ! that conqueror grim hath poised his  
    lance ;

Still pausing—He that never paused as yet :  
—Doth he his ancient prowess all forget ?  
Or deems he now at length to have met his  
match ?

And, like some coward marksman, doth he watch  
His base advantage ? slowly drawing near,  
Vengeance to take on thee, for Time, his trusty fere.

He looks that thou should'st blench ; but, passing  
strange,

Thou blenchest not : Himself it is doth change :  
No longer threatens that gaunt marble brow,  
And eyeless horror, opening wide below :

But, smiling calm, as smiles the summer main,  
I see the latest of Heaven's fostering train ;  
Twin with that maiden mild whose nightly care  
Shuts weary eyes ; of slower pace, though scarce  
less fair.

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But quit, my rustic Muse, too high a theme !  
Nor mysteries weave with thy fantastic dream,  
Fitter for him who knew no earthly mate ;  
Who Eden's bliss in song could new create :  
Or him who through a rift in Patmos' mine  
Looked up, and saw Heaven's inmost glories shine :  
Who told how God should wipe away each tear,  
And 'mid our desert tents His bright pavilion rear.

For well did they presage,—when Truth and Love,  
And Heaven-born Equity, should Earthward rove,  
All things should change ; an end should be to  
    woes ;  
The thorns not hurt the hand that plucks the rose :  
Labour should only make our rest more sweet,  
Nor easeful paths betray our trusting feet ;  
The heart's best bloom should suffer no decay ;  
Death be the gentle close of life's long summer day.

### NOTE TO "TO THE AGE."



It is perhaps needless to defend Optimism presented in rhyme ; for even if Optimistic views were banished from sober prose, so much the weightier would be the reason for their taking refuge in verse. But it may be worth while to call attention to the proof that the lengthening of human life is one of the prerogatives of the Age. Statistics which have been recently severely scrutinized, show that in our own country, at any rate, the duration of human life is steadily increasing. And calculations on which commercial inferences are founded, and which are confirmed by hard cash, make it not less certain that a very simple change in our dietetics would greatly accelerate that increase. Not only physiological analogies, but the fact that, even under our present unfavourable conditions, such an age is sometimes attained, determine one Hundred Years as, at the least, the normal term of human life ; and how much that term is capable of extension through increased physiological knowledge and sanitary precautions, it would be as unwise to deny as to assert. *Nil mortalibus arduum est.* It is of course another question whether life will become happier in proportion as it becomes longer. One favourable consideration, however, is patent. *Cæteris paribus*—indeed, on the large scale, *unconditionally*—longer life means healthier life ; and Health is tantamount to Happiness, at least, in the *subjective* aspect of the latter. In its *objective* relation, Happiness means Satisfaction, which may co-exist, and in fact



has frequently co-existed with a high degree of general discomfort and even acute suffering. And after all it is not duration or enjoyment, but achievement that gives Worth to Existence. Apart from its results, an eternity of merely comfortable or enjoyable life would be simply bestial, even though lived in human form. The sculptures of Greece, the military exploits and organization of Rome, the architecture of the thirteenth, the painting of the fifteenth century, the music of the eighteenth and nineteenth, the poetry of all ages, the science that has been the distinctive characteristic and inspiration of the Second Civilization of Europe, the grace and loving endurance of woman, and the courage and indomitable persistency of man—these constitute the most satisfying answer to the question "Is life worth living?" But we need not be miserable while we are at work, even though the result is in itself a large compensation for the discomforts of achievement.

The appearance in our day of systematic Pessimism may seem to prove an ineradicable self-tormenting instinct in humanity. It is not, however, the discontent, but the deliberately formulated expression of it that is new. A whole Inferno of half-articulate wailing might be culled at one grasp from the Classics, beginning with Homer or Hesiod. Schopenhauer has but made our misery intelligibly vocal, and thus given it a chance of relief. It is in fact a hopeful sign that instead of shutting our eyes to the darker side of existence,—as our predecessors a century ago were inclined to do,—we deliberately confront it and coolly measure its proportions. Since we are not merely awake to the fact that, in Pascal's phrase, "the Universe is crushing us," but are beginning to calculate the force and observe the direction of the pressures, we are already beyond despair.

If there *is* a form of depressed feeling really characteristic of modern times, it may fairly be attributed to the contrast between the brilliant results of knowledge in increasing human power, and its inconspicuous, though real, additions to the sum of human happiness. That news can travel from London to New York in less time than it might take us to get across Cheapside, or that we may breakfast or lunch in Southampton and dine the same evening in Edinburgh, is a fact which, if new to him, might interest even a sufferer from toothache. But that "the length of a generation has increased from thirty years to forty-one" (and this is not the latest or most favourable calculation)—a result pregnant with enormous inferences concerning human well-being, past and prospective, scarcely attains the dimensions of a fact at all in any imagination but that of the trained economist. We are, indeed, in a position somewhat analogous to that of a confirmed invalid "in limited circumstances" who should suddenly become rich, and who, after one or two unsuccessful attempts to renovate his constitution by availing himself of his newly acquired resources, is rather inclined to reflect with aggravated bitterness on the irreparable character of his loss, and querulously to contrast his condition with what it might have been if health had enabled him to enjoy his riches, than to consider the alleviations they actually afford and reasonably promise. Or we might be compared to the pampered child, fretting amid a heap of costly and elaborate toys and luscious sweetmeats, to whom the hint from without, or the suggestion from within, that he, of all mortals, ought to be perfectly happy, is that last drop in his cup of affliction which makes it overflow.

*“UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST.”*

---

OUR town is but an ugly one, begrimed with dust  
and smoke ;

And so is all the country round, and so are we the  
folk :

Sometimes indeed we see the sun, and very plainly  
too ;

For we need not blink to look at him, and brick-red  
is his hue,

And some of us are gentlefolks ; at least we think  
us so,

Though we were all poor together not so many years  
ago :

And we think it very proper that all should keep  
their place ;

Not of course—Oh ! don't mistake me—that we are  
of different race ;

But there are certain courtesies, quite fit from me to  
you,

That would be thrown away upon . . . Oh ! dear  
'twould never do.

As we've little round about us to take us from our  
work,

We go about it steadily, from morning until mirk ;

Though we now and then take holidays, and spend  
them near the town,

Or through its long and straggling ways we saunter  
up and down.

And so I chanced to wander in a very dirty street,

—A place where I was pretty sure no gentry I  
should meet ;

And just about the corner of Fordingbury Road,  
I saw an old man stooping 'neath a very heavy  
load.

He seemed to me quite weary, and the day was  
stifling hot,

And I couldn't for the life of me think what the  
man had got.

But he laid his burden down when he came to  
Number One,

—Though t'was only for a minute, and then again  
was gone.

He stayed a little longer when he came to Number  
Three,

So that I came close up to him, and plainly then  
could see,

'Twas the man they called 'Old Jones'—Old Jones  
of Pinner's lane ;

You may see him at the station, bringing parcels to  
the train.

They say he's but half sharp, at least in way of  
pelf ;

For he's always helping others, and gets little for  
himself.

But I know that in his cottage there is everything  
in place ;

And in his old oak table a maid might see her  
face.

So I said : "Why Jones, how is it you're at work,  
while others play ?"

But he only smiled and answered : "Why you know,  
sir, 'tis my way."

And I peeped into his wallet, and I saw a penny  
roll,

And toys for little children—two baa-lambs and a  
doll.

And all along the street, at each miserable home,  
There were eager faces at the door, waiting till he  
should come.

And I saw a wretched mother, smiling through her  
bitter tears ;

And a little frightened urchin had forgot his childish  
fears.

So I waited at the corner till the good old man had  
done ;

And I watched him doling out his little presents one  
by one :

And it seemed to me but just and right that he  
should rest awhile,

For from Askerton to Pinner's Lane must be a good  
three mile.

And I thought about our parlour ;—but I couldn't  
take him there :

For my wife she wouldn't like it, and how Miss  
Brown would stare!

So I told him he might follow me at his own quietpace,  
And meet me near our garden, on the road to  
Stanton Chase :

We've the snuggest little arbour, at the end of our  
long walk,

Out of sight of all the windows, and there we'd  
have a talk.

So I hurried quickly home again, and in the dairy  
found

('Tis a place that's now but seldom used, and almost  
under-ground).

A willow-pattern mug and plate, bought sometime  
at the fair,

Forgotten in a broken box, behind a crazy chair.

And when I'd wiped away the dust and shaken out  
the straw,

'Twas as neat a bit of crockery as he or I e'er  
saw.

So I filled the mug quite full with a draught of  
'Adam's ale,'

And I got some bits of bread and cheese—though  
both were rather stale.



And the old man seemed resolved that I should not  
have long to wait ;

For I saw him there already close against the  
garden gate.

And he ate and drank, and talked awhile, then said  
that he must leave,

For he'd some work to finish before the close of eve.

So I went with him towards Pinner's Lane, and  
thought I knew the way ;

But somewhere near the brick-fields, we must have  
gone astray ;

For the road lay by a clear bright brook, with grass  
on either side ;

—I never knew of such a stream in all the country  
wide :

The dust and smoke of Askerton, we'd left it far  
behind,

And a pleasant scent of strange sweet flowers came  
with the evening wind.

As we walked a little further, the path began to rise ;  
And a hill rose straight before us that seemed to  
reach the skies.

—They say from Dudley Castle seven counties you  
may see ;

And when the smoke will let you, I don't know but  
that may be :

There's Kinnersley and Garston Knoll, though that  
is but a mound ;

And sure nowhere near Askerton could such a hill  
be found.

So the path grew steep and steeper, but I did not  
think it long,

For all the time he cheered the way with some old  
poet's song ;

The best was ever said, he seemed to have it all by  
rote,

(I was sure he'd common sense, but I never thought  
he'd quote),

How if all were better taught and ceased to do  
what they should not,

The whole world might be as happy as his own  
quiet cot.

So we climbed up towards a wood, and the day was  
growing dim ;

And through the plain he'd leaned on *me*, but now I  
leaned on *him*.

When all at once in front of us the ground it seemed  
to sink ;

And we stood, almost as if in air, upon a fearful brink.

And I heard a sound of waters that were plunging  
far below,

Where at awful depths the mists of eve were moving  
to and fro.

And through the gathering shadows I still heard  
those waters roar,

But the night closed thick around us, and I saw the  
mists no more.

Then sudden, as on Cotteswold Hills bursts Severn's  
silver tide,  
A bright cloud brought the morning as a bridegroom  
brings the bride ;  
And in the cloud dear faces\*—for I knew them  
every one ;  
There was Bessy and her namesake, and Kate and  
Tom and John ;  
And some I once had known as boys, now proper  
men and tall,  
And some for very weakness perhaps the best  
beloved of all :  
There was tiny little Alice, and our bright and  
charming Sue ;  
And the fairest of the fair, and the truest of the true.  
Some are gone, but most are with us ; yet the same  
glad look they wore ;  
For all sorrow was behind them and only joy before.

\* "And with the morn," &c.

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And as I gazed and wondered, I quite forgot my guide,  
Though my hand was on his shoulder, and he close  
at my side.

But I stooped a little forward, and I looked at him  
again :

And he *was*—ah ! no, he *was not*—like old Jones of  
Pinner's Lane.

Then thoughts came flashing o'er me of pictures I  
had seen :

And the talk—at least from *him*, and how strange  
the way had been !

And he seemed to guess my wonder and the beat-  
ing of my heart,

For he gently laid his hand in mine, as one about  
to part ;

And I heard The Voice Ineffable, beginning : “ In-  
asmuch—”

But I shrank with Peter's horror from the awful  
stranger's touch :

And I fell and lay a swooning, 'mid the mosses of  
the wood,

—How long it was I know not ; I would tell you if  
I could.

Then I seemed to be uplifted in that bright cloud  
through the air,

And pleasantly they spoke to me,—those loving  
ones and fair,—

And I swooned again on marble steps, before a  
golden gate ;

Though scarcely ere I heard that Voice in whispers  
say ; "Not yet !"

And I woke as if from slumber, and it must have  
been a dream :

And yet I scarce can think it, so real all did  
seem.

“*TREASURES IN HEAVEN.*”

---

I KNEW a careful soul himself did stint ;—  
 Would sparely eat, and almost barefoot go :  
 Yet saved he nought of money from the mint ;  
 But seeds that should to golden harvests grow.

Some think they climb to Heaven once a week,  
 And deem it much to peer within the door :  
 But he was *ever* there, and still did seek  
 For larger room to lay in all his store,

Of loving thoughts, and words, and wishes kind,  
 Of painful counsels and of winning wiles  
 To lure from ill, and foes in love to bind ;  
 Of tears that o'er his grave should turn to smiles.

*IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?*



IS Life worth living?—Yes!

While there is aught to do;

While there's one blow to strike for righteousness;

One link to snap in two

Of all the accursed chain

For slaves in darkness wrought,

—In hope some mean particular end to gain,—

By slaves of baser sort.

Were Life worth living?—No!

If all our work were done;

If in the hall were hung our spear and bow,

And, rotting in the sun,



---

All storms and perils past,  
By the dull harbour propped,  
Our venturous *Argoes*, spent with age at last,  
Each on its Jason dropped.

*ELLEN CAREW*

A LEGEND OF THE WEST.

(A L'AQUARELLE.)



“ I SHALL dance at my bridal” said Ellen Carew :  
“ I shall dance with my Henry, so faithful and true ;  
The little wise woman, she told me I should ;  
—The little wise woman that lives in the wood.”

“ Oh ! never, dear Ellen ! just think what you say ;  
When the blessing is spoke you’ll be off and away :

Your old lovers will dance,—and there's many a one ;  
But you'll be afar with your Henry alone."

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis the eve of her bridal, in sultry July ;  
And Ellen sits pale in her chamber on high ;  
And she hears a light footstep she knows but too  
well,  
And words low and tender that draw like a spell.

" Oh ! Ellen, is this thy fair promise to me ?  
Could thy Henry have proved so unfaithful to  
*thee ?*

How oft hast thou told him that no one beside,  
Had he Scotland to give thee, should make thee his  
bride."

" Well I know that my Henry is steadfast and  
brave ;  
Yet had he but heard, by my dead father's grave,

—With her face turned away, lest her tears I should  
see—

How gently *she* whispered ‘ she wished it might be ;

“ ‘And how he had promised her debts he would  
pay,

And little sick Meg should have grapes every  
day ;

And Allan his schooling, and what more beside ;

If I’d make up my mind to be Rutherford’s bride.’

“ Did he know, of these jewels I hav’n’t touched  
one ;

—’Twill be time enough then when they must be  
put on ;

(Though there’s one little trinket from which I’ll  
not part ;

When I’m gone, they will find it not far from my  
heart.)

“—That though Henry of Gairloch will claim me at  
morn,

'Tis to Henry Macgregor *my* vows will be sworn :  
For that *his* and his *only* will Ellen remain ;  
Not bitterly thus would my Henry complain.”

Then she went to her bed, and she lay down till  
dawn ;

But no more could she sleep than the poor hunted  
fawn,

That so sorely has panted the covert to find,  
And hears the hounds bay in each sough of the  
wind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scarce whiter the blossoms that circle her hair,  
Or the marble that sleeps on the sepulchres there ;  
Or the snow that still lingers on lofty Cairn  
Dhu,

Than the once rosy cheek of sweet Ellen Carew.

And still through the service her eyes were down-  
cast,  
Though she lifted them once as a shadow there  
passed ;  
And she spoke the words low, as a bride always  
may ;  
But when she made answer, she turned her away.

And they bear her half fainting to Rutherford's  
skiff,  
That lies in the sunlight near yonder tall cliff :  
And she spoke not, nor moved, till they lifted the  
oar,  
And her dark loving eyes were still fixed on the  
shore

\* \* \* \* \*

It is night in her home, and the revels are high ;  
Though here and there one may have said with a  
sigh,

“That till then he had ne’er seen a bride so distrest ;”  
But courtesy bade him not utter the rest.

“That though parting is sad, there is joy in the  
main,  
For all think of the day they shall see her again ;  
While some bright fancied future her sorrow beguiles,  
And her tears are but April drops—shed amid smiles.”

And one who was wont to be first in the glee,  
“Young Harry Macgregor,”—some ask : “Where is  
he ?”

But ’twere better the absent were mentioned no more ;  
And the dance and the music went on as before.

Nay, the sadder that parting, the blither are they :  
—For if feasts are not joyous, when should we be gay ?  
And the pledges are deeper to host and to guest,  
And louder the laughter and lighter the jest.

When the door slowly opened, and each held his  
breath,  
For a faint step was heard, like the footfall of  
death ;  
And a breeze as from Ocean there swept through  
the room,  
And the bride of the morning came forth from the  
gloom.

Not less lovely than any had known her of yore ;  
With the calm smile of those all whose sorrows are  
o'er ;  
And Macgregor was there,—none knew whence he  
come ;  
For there were no greetings, and wonder was dumb.  
  
And the music had ceased, for the pipers were  
mute ;  
When a voice as from far, like a deep mellow flute,



Seemed to bid them go on with the strathspey  
again ;

But the breathings were fainter, and dirge-like the  
strain.

And the measure was noiseless, like elves on the  
green,

Or the dances they talk of at dread Hallowe'en :

Yet from youngest to oldest was none but would swear

It was Ellen herself that had danced with them there.

And when midnight was tolling, they went as they  
came,

But none ventured to follow ; and no one could  
blame ,

If hushed was the jesting and mirth of the day,

And with glasses half emptied, the guests stole  
away.

On the morrow came tidings of horror and grief,  
From Gairloch himself, and the message was brief ;  
“ Though the wind had gone down, and the waters  
    were calm,  
His fair bride had fainted and slipped from his arm.

“ Scarce a bubble or ripple had stirred on the main,  
And long had they sought his sweet Ellen in vain ;  
Till in daylight had faded the bright morning  
    star ;  
And *one* saw the water-sprite mocking afar !”

But soon came a whisper,—for slander is fleet  
He was ware of a tartan he cared not to meet ;  
Though ’twas only from some who had thoughts  
    of a time  
When a raid or a rescue was counted no crime.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

There's a path that runs up the steep face of the  
rock

Where the mountains close in at the head of the Loch ;  
And a shepherd that looked for a lamb gone  
astray,

Had sight of a lady in bridal array.

He had followed as far as his footing might bide,  
Till he slipped and half fell in the dark surging tide :  
—There are many who think that if Donald said true,  
'Twas he caught the last glimpse of sweet Ellen  
Carew.

*CONSTANCE.*

OH! bright shines the sun through my window  
at morn ;

And green is the meadow and golden the corn ;  
And fair are the mountains, and fair is the plain ;  
But *I'm* counting the hours till I see *him* again.

And sweet is the trill of the lark in the sky,  
And merry the song of the girls that go by ;  
But to me they all end in one weary refrain :  
“I am counting the hours till I see him again.”

And the flowers breathe a perfume from each sunny  
nook ;  
But not like the dead ones that lie in my book ;

The violets *he* gave me in Archington Lane ;  
And I'm counting the hours till I see him again.

'Tis a week, come to-morrow, his ship sailed away,  
But he *knows* "she'll be back by the thirtieth of  
May ;

And there ne'er was a better for crossing the main,"  
So I'm counting the hours till I see him again.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening is balmy, and still is the night  
And I would my sad visions would fade with the  
light ;

But, sleeping or waking, I chase them in vain :  
While I count the long hours till I see him again.

For often I think I shall see him no more,  
'Till the parted ones meet on that dim distant shore :  
But my last feeble pulse and my last throbbing pain,  
Will be counting the hours till I see him again.

*VOLAGE.*

---

'TIS true what the Indian sages say ;  
 For sure, thou wast once a butterfly gay ;  
 Thou hast changed thy form, but not thy soul  
 —Thy flirting and flitting beyond control,  
Volage !

For there's scarcely a bud, and there is not a flower  
 —Although it have opened within the hour—  
 But thou wilt have sipped its life away :  
 Oh ! the hurt that *thou* canst do in a day,  
Volage !

And I would that Heaven had made me wise,  
 Or I never had seen those perilous eyes ;

For I try to bury me in my books :

But I cannot forget thy traitorous looks,

Volage !

When thou seem'dst as though thou wouldst stay  
awhile,

With thy whispered words and thy witching smile ;

When I turned and found myself all alone ;

And I heard thy step on the threshold stone,

Volage !

But Time will soon be clipping thy wings ;

"Yet not for *thee*," a little bird sings ;

"For already thy sun is far in the West :"

Ah ! why wilt *thou* not leave me at rest ?

Volage !

SELECTIONS FROM NOTICES OF  
 “*FANCY AND OTHER RHYMES.*”

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*The Graphic*, Feb. 19, 1881.

“*Fancy and Other Rhymes*,” by John Sibree (Trübner), commands attention, not only by the modesty with which this little volume is put forward, but by the intrinsic merit of its contents. The author has, we believe, the genuine poetic *afflatus*, only he must be careful, and not write too hurriedly: Paradise cannot have been ‘garish’; and does he not use ‘rood’ for the sake the rhyme, when he means to imply ‘rod?’ A *rood* is a crucifix with its attendant figures. Then a dead body would not look ‘tired,’ and the false image spoils an otherwise exquisite and touching idyll. ‘A Resting-place,’ again, is worthy of William Motherwell—marred by one inharmonious line; ‘Put no headstone,’ &c. ‘Fancy’ is pretty and fantastic. ‘Lord Archibald’ reaches a very high point; the passage ‘He left greensward for desert sand,’ is, in its way, a triumphant success; and still finer is the noble Christian pathos of the finale. But here is the author’s grandest utterance, which we cannot refrain from quoting:

‘Bate not thy simple song,’ &c. (p. 45).

That is in the very spirit of Chaucer’s noblest poem. In the



epilogue we have some hint of fear that the volume may meet with the 'world's disdain;' yes, but not with that of any gentle soul."

[With deference to the above very kind and courteous criticism the writer observes that the epithet, "garish," as applied to Paradise, implies that spiritual beauty had quitted it; and that "rood" seems to have the meaning of "rod" in old English, inasmuch as the former is used for the latter in the measure of areas. An accent on the first syllable of "headstone," might perhaps have aided the harmony of the line in "A Resting Place."]

*Richmond and Ripon Chronicle*, March 12, 1881.

"A dainty little volume of poetical jewels, of which 'Fancy' is the best. In 'Two variations on a very Old Theme' we have the following spirited stanzas in Part II.

'Once a slave,' &c.

Among the other commendable pieces I might mention the 'Last Slumber,' 'The Mother's Awakening,' 'To Sleep,' 'Guardian Angels,' 'A Canon of Life,' an irregular ode. The volume is only a small one, but its merit from a true poetic standpoint is eminently great.

*Spectator*, Nov. 19, 1881.

"Mr. Sibree's 'rhymes,' as he modestly calls his poetical efforts, if they can scarcely hope to live (and the "survival of the fittest" is a law that acts very sternly in the domain of poetry), yet deserve a word of praise. They show culture and reading, and at least one poetical gift, an adventurous fancy.

NOTICES OF THE SECOND ISSUE.

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*Academy*, March 25, 1882.

"This is apparently a re-issue of a small volume of poems which first appeared a year or two ago. Some of them have considerable merit, especially "Fancy," and "How Lord Archibald sought the Grail." The additions are mostly devotional. The whole book contains but a few score pages, but in thought and imagination it is much superior to most minor poetry."

*Graphic* (second notice) April 15, 1882.

The writer of whose "Fancy &c." it has already been our pleasant task to speak in terms of warm admiration has re-issued the little volume with some additional poems, of which the best is undoubtedly "Pilgrim and Sojourner": the stanzas on Death at page 85 have also unusual delicacy and beauty. Mr. Sibree is good enough to "argue friendly" with us as to our former criticism; but whilst fully appreciating his genial courtesy as expressed in the end of the present volume, we are not convinced.

[The writer is gratified to be able to replace the epithet objected to on page 34, in a reprint.]

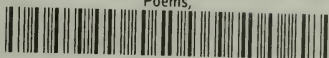




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